

*Songs of Love:
A Senior Recital*

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

by

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Abstract

Love has long been the inspiration behind great works of art. Music, specifically, is able to convey this great human emotion in a way unlike any other medium. Love extends itself in many forms and contexts: romantic love; spiritual love; love between a mother and child; between a father and son; the love of a concept or idea; etc. Romantic love specifically has many different stages: new love; flirtatious love; longing love during absence; peaceful, restful love; passionate love; etc. This senior recital combines musical repertoire from three different centuries, in four different languages, and by eleven different composers, all on the universal topic of love. This author's statement describes the incredible journey taken from deciding to perform a recital, through months of difficult practicing, to the culmination of these efforts in the recital.

Acknowledgements

This project would not have been possible were it not for the support, training, and guidance I received from my voice professor, Dr. Kathleen Maurer. I am honored and privileged to have been her student during my 5 years at Ball State University. I would also like to extend deep gratitude to Yoko Shimazaki-Kilburn, who served as my voice teacher during the semester of the recital. Her teaching, wisdom, and encouragement made me believe in myself as a musician, and as a person.

Thank you to my recital partner, Sarah Paetzmann, for singing this recital with me, and for all of her help and encouragement.

Thank you to my wonderful accompanist, Galit Gertzenon, for the hours of practicing and for all of the encouragement.

I would also like to thank my family and friends, who encouraged me to overcome my fears and complete this project.

Author's Statement

When I first decided to sing a recital in fulfillment of my Honors Thesis, I was terrified. I am a singer, but have never considered myself a soloist, and the prospect of singing an entire recital by myself seemed incredibly daunting and near impossible. I thought perhaps it would be easier to have another singer on stage with me, and therefore chose to prepare a half-recital instead, and sing with one of my colleagues. A fellow vocal/music education major, Sarah Paetzmann, willingly agreed to perform a joint recital with me. We scheduled the performance date in May of 2010, and spent the entire fall semester preparing for the monumental event. This project required months of preparation, during which it was greatly transformed from the original vision. The completion of this recital serves as a landmark not only in my musical career, but also in my personal development.

The initial title of the recital was to be "A European Medley." I knew that the Honors Thesis was designed to reflect significant aspects of the student's college career. I spent the fall semester of my junior year studying abroad in Vienna, Austria. I consider this trip as one of the most significant happenings throughout my undergraduate studies, and wanted to fashion my recital around my experiences abroad. The original thought was to sing songs written in the languages of the countries I visited overseas. To accomplish this, I would have had to research and perform songs in French, German, Italian, and English. Both of my voice teachers worked with me to choose repertoire that fit those criteria.

My teacher and I spent the majority of August and September selecting music for the recital program. What seemed initially like a simple task resulted in many stressful weeks of preparation. I realized during the process that I was selecting music based simply on the language and on the difficulty level. The pieces were all from the same set of composers, from

relatively the same time period, and began to all sound very similar. I was not singing the songs because I liked them, or because I could relate personally to the music, but simply to fit the criteria I had set for my recital. Then, during one particular voice lesson, it occurred to me that all of the songs I enjoyed singing were about love. I sorted through all of my music from my college vocal studies, and chose the pieces that meant the most to me personally. Every last piece dealt with the topic of romantic love. I made the decision to change the topic of my recital to “Songs of Love,” in order to fully enjoy my music and relate to it on a personal level.

One piece in particular that resounded with me was “Du Ring an meinem Finger” by Robert Schumann (1810-1856). This piece belongs to a complete song cycle titled *Frauenliebe und Leben* (“A Woman’s Love and Life”) by Schumann. The cycle, composed in 1840, was based on a set of poems written by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838) in 1840. The poems describe the cycle of romantic love from a woman’s perspective, beginning at the moment the woman sees the man, through the engagement, the wedding, the birth of a child, and finally the husband’s death. “Du Ring an meinem Finger” spoke to me personally, as I was recently engaged at the time, and frequently stole glances at the silver ring sparkling on my own finger. I had always loved the piece musically, and when I could actually relate to it, I knew I had to sing it. After learning “Du Ring an meinem Finger,” I listened to the other pieces in the song cycle and decided to add the first five songs to my recital program, in this order: “Seit ich ihn gesehen” (“Since I Saw Him”); “Er, der Herrlichste von allen” (“He, the Noblest of All”); “Ich kann’s nicht fassen, nicht glauben” (“I Cannot Grasp or Believe It”); “Du Ring an meinem Finger” (“You Ring Upon My Finger”); and “Helft mir, ihr Schwestern” (Help Me, Sisters”). I sang all of the songs that I could personally relate to, and therefore, sang all but the two concerning children and death.

The songs from *Frauenliebe und Leben* were the main feature on my recital program, and I spent the most time preparing those songs. Preparing each individual piece requires weeks of practice time and research. After deciding to sing these pieces the first thing I did was listen to a professional recording of each one. Voice teachers often suggest listening as a method of becoming familiar with the “feel” of the piece. After listening, I read through all of the English translations provided in the text and wrote them into each score. Both of my voice teachers insist on the importance of *knowing* the word-for-word translation of each repertoire selection. This allows the singer to internalize the text, creating personal associations with the words. Not only does this aid in memorization, but also allows the singer to more effectively communicate with the audience members while performing. A singer who does not know the meaning of the text will not be able to maximize the true musical experience during performance.

The next step in the process is to learn the notes and rhythms of each piece. I accomplished most of this during my own practice time, but also with the help of my teachers. Never before in my college career had practicing been as imperative as it became that semester. I committed to daily practice, even if only for short segments of time. Practicing every day seemed a daunting task to me, as I was unsure how to efficiently organize my practice time. My voice teacher helped me create a daily practice routine that focused on difficult *sections* of each piece. Instead of singing each piece from start to finish at every practice session, I would decide beforehand what sections of each piece to practice. Every piece had at least one difficult section that I needed to practice often to master. Singing every piece in its entirety *every* time places an incredible strain on the voice, so singing in short segments helps to protect the vocal folds. In an effort to plan and track my progress, I began keeping a practice journal, which told me *what section* I would practice, and *how much time* would be spent on each piece. I also kept notes

detailing what practice methods worked well, and what sections needed more practice. I brought my practice journal to every voice lesson, and my teacher and I would discuss my progress over the week. I found that keeping a journal really helped me to stay on task while practicing, and also revealed my strengths and weaknesses as a singer.

Though I changed the theme of the recital to “Songs of Love,” rather than “A European Medley,” I still performed many songs in foreign languages. Aside from the Schumann song cycle I also sang three other solo pieces, in both French and Italian. These three were performed in a set on the recital, the Italian first, and then the two French selections. “Il fervido desiderio” is an Italian arietta by Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835) composed between 1827 and 1833. The title is translated as “The fervent longing,” and describes a person longing to see their love that they so desire. Though short, this piece contains intense passion, conveyed in Bellini’s brilliantly placed ornamental notes. The first French piece, “Les deux roses,” was a poem translated by Louis Pomey and set to music by Pauline Viardot (1821-1910). The title means “The Two Roses,” and describes one lover coming to visit the other on a beautiful spring morning, bearing two red roses in hand as a symbol of unending love. The strophic form of the song made the words more difficult to memorize. A strophic song has multiple verses using the same melody, with different lyrics assigned to each verse. One technique I used to organize the text was to turn it into a movie script. I read and practiced the lyrics of the song like events in a movie, and then played the movie in my head every time I sang this song. I learned that the first word of each phrase is crucial: if I remembered the first word, I usually would remember the entire phrase or verse. The second solo French piece, titled “Ici-bas,” was composed by Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924), and was based on a poem by Rene-Francois Sully Prudhomme (1839-1907). The English title is “Down Here,” as the poem remarks on how lips fade, men weep, and love

ends on earth. The poet dreams of seeing love and kisses that last forever. Similar to the Viardot piece, the strophic verse found in “Ici-bas” made it more difficult for me to memorize. Pronunciation of the French text was also something that I needed to practice often. It seemed as though every week in my lesson, I would be corrected on my pronunciation of at least one French word. I often wrote the IPA (International Phonetic Alphabet) transcriptions into my music for added support in learning the pronunciation.

My last solo set consisted of short songs composed by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958). “Silent Noon” is an English art song based on a poem by D. G. Rossetti (1828-1882). Though poetry can be interpreted in many different ways, after intently studying the text, it seemed to me that Rossetti was describing deep love between two people. The first few lines describe a couple laying together in the fields on a beautiful spring day: *“Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, the finger points look through like rosy blooms: Your eyes smile peace.”* The very last lines of the poem convey this message even more so: *“Oh! Clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower, this close companion’d in articulate hour, when two-fold silence was the song, the song of love.”* The various meters and *rubato* (rhythmic flexibility within a phrase or measure; a relaxation of strict time) made “Silent Noon” more rhythmically challenging than most other pieces on my recital. It was especially important for me to practice this piece thoroughly and frequently with my accompanist, to make sure that we were observing all of the same tempo changes. This piece also includes a short recitative (declamatory singing, free in tempo and rhythm), which must be performed freely, without a heavy stylistic or rhythmic influence.

Included in this English set were two songs from one of Vaughan Williams’ song cycles, called *Four Last Songs*. With poetry written by his second wife, Ursula Vaughan Williams

(1911-2007), these songs speak also of tenderness between lovers. I chose to sing “Tired” and “Hands, Eyes, and Heart,” simply because I could relate to the text and enjoyed the melody. “Tired” describes a couple that is resting together in the late evening. One person is sleeping, and the other person watches as the firelight dances on the sleeper’s face. The opening line captivates the heart of a hopeless romantic: “*Sleep, and I’ll be still as another sleeper holding you in my arms, glad that you lie so near at last.*” “Hands, Eyes, and Heart,” is a plea from the woman to those respective parts of herself, to love, be truthful to, and to rest in her man forever. Due to the fact that I could relate so personally to these texts, and because both pieces were very short, I did not have trouble learning either one.

The remaining two pieces that I sang were duets, sung with my classmate, Sarah Paetzmann. “Prenderò quel brunettino,” from *Così fan tutte* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) opened our recital. The title of this duet translates as “I will take the dark one,” as this song depicts two sisters swooning over two mysterious men. *Così fan tutte*, translated as “Thus Do They All,” is an entire opera dedicated to the fickle nature of young women in love. Two sisters, Fiordiligi and Dorabella, are betrothed to two men, Ferrando and Guglielmo. The two men bet another man, Don Alfonso, that their women will always remain faithful to them. However, they decide to test their theory, and disguise themselves as Albanians, trying to woo one another’s fiancé. The two women fall right into the trap, and are deciding which man is the better catch in “Prenderò quel brunettino.” Sarah and I enjoyed learning this piece and working on a bit of light blocking with our interim teacher, Yoko Shimazaki-Kilburn. The second duet we performed is titled “Viens, Mallika...sous le domê épais,” from *Lakmé*, a three act opera by Léo Delibes (1836-1891). Commonly known as “The Flower Duet,” this duet portrays the daughter of a Brahmin priest, Lakmé, and her servant, Mallika, gathering flowers down by a

river. Delibes' ability to beautifully weave together the two voices, creates a fairy tale duet that any aspiring female singer would enjoy performing at least once during her career. As with many of my other pieces, I found the French text and the memorization quite challenging. Sarah and I concluded our recital with this gorgeous duet, and glided off-stage to sing the final note. It was a marvelous finale to the most important vocal event of my life.

Though preparing for and performing this recital was very challenging physically and emotionally, it truly was a once in a lifetime experience and I am glad that I completed the process. I learned much about myself as a singer, as well as about my own work habits. Any project completed over a long period of time requires dedication and commitment to complete. Though I knew in May of 2010 that I would sing a recital in December of that year, I let fear distract me from actually *working* toward my goal. I feared the thought of failure: forgetting my words during the middle of a piece; sounding less than my best; or just knowing that my best was not good enough for other people. Instead of conquering those fears early on, I let them eat away at me until I was convinced that I *could not* go through with the recital. It took many tears and encouraging words during lessons to convince me otherwise. My fear also paralyzed my work ethic and my ability to practice effectively. I would try to sing through a song, would forget a word or miss a particular passage, and would be so distraught, that I would not be able to finish my practice session. One suggestion from my teachers really helped me to channel my emotions to good use. They both encouraged me to connect personally with my music, and to really personify the character in each song, *living* the text as my own story. This technique really worked for me, and allowed me to override my feelings of fear and inability by concentrating on the emotions in the music. For this reason, I decided to change my recital theme to "Songs of Love," and selected only those pieces that I felt I could personally relate to. Once I centered on

the message from within the music, I found a new focus and was better able to memorize the texts. For someone who does not enjoy singing for an audience, I actually found myself having fun during the latter half of the recital. Once I sang my first set of songs and released the initial nervousness, I was able to relax on stage and simply *tell the story* of each piece to the audience. The end result was a very successful recital, and a newfound confidence in my ability to overcome my fears and *enjoy the moment*. I am very glad that I sang this recital, and will always consider it a major milestone in my life.

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**BALL STATE UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

SARAH PAETZMANN

soprano

ALLISON WEGNER

mezzo-soprano

SENIOR RECITAL

assisted by

Galit Gertsenzon, piano

"Prendero quel brunettino" from *Così fan tutte*.....W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Sarah Paetzmann and Allison Wegner

Il fervido desiderioVincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Les deux roses Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Ici-bas Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Allison Wegner

Dans les ruines d'une abbaye Gabriel Fauré
En prière

In dem Schatten meiner Locken.....Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Sarah Paetzmann

Frauenliebe und -leben, Op. 42 Robert Schumann
...I. Seit ich ihn gesehen (1810-1856)

II. Er, der Herrlichste von allen

III. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

IV. Du Ring an meinem Finger

V. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Allison Wegner

...Intermission...

"Alleluja" from *Exsultate, jubilate* K.165..... W. A. Mozart

3 Mystical Songs Alec Rowley
Three Jolly Shepherds (1892-1958)
The Prophecy
The Birthday

Sarah Paetzmann

Four Last Songs Ralph Vaughan Williams
Tired (1872-1958)
Hands, Eyes, and Heart
Silent Noon

Allison Wegner

"So' anch'io la virtù magica" from *Don Pasquale* Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Sarah Paetzmann

"Viens, Mallika...sous le dôme épais" from *Lakmé* Léo Delibes
(1836-1891)

Sarah Paetzmann and Allison Wegner

Sarah Paetzmann and Allison Wegner are students of
Yoko Shimazaki-Kilburn and Kathleen Maurer.

CHORAL HALL
Friday, December 10, 2010
5.30 p.m.

Series LXV
Number 91

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DECEMBER COMING EVENTS
Marimba/Percussion Ensembles II, III and Latin Percussion Ensemble,
Saturday, December 11, Pruis Hall, 5:30pm
Marimba/Percussion Ensemble I,
Sunday, December 12, Pruis Hall, 3:00pm
ECl Youth Symphony Orchestra,
Sunday, December 19, Sursa Hall, 3:00pm

Texts and Translations
Joint Senior Recital
Sarah Paetzmann and Allison Wegner
Assisted by
Galit Gertsenzon, piano
Choral Hall – Friday, December 10th, 2010 – 5:30 pm

“Prenderò quel brunettino” from *Così fan tutte*

Text by: Lorenzo da Ponte (1749-1838)

Fiordiligi and Dorabella are two sisters who are betrothed to two men, Ferrando and Guglielmo. The two men bet Don Alfonso that their women will always remain faithful. They agree to test this theory, so they pretend to go off to war, and then disguise themselves as Albanians and try to woo one another's fiancée. In this scene, the two sisters are musing over the two men and concluding that it would do no harm to have fun with these strange, handsome men while their betrotheds are away.

Prenderò quel brunettino,
Che più lepidò mi par.
Ed intanto io col biondino,
Vo' un po' ridere e burlar.
Scherzosetta ai dolci detti
io di quell risponderò.
Sospirando I sospiretti
io dell'altro imiterò.
Mi dirà: “Ben mio, mi moro.”
Mi dirà: “Mio bel tesoro.”
Ed intanto che diletto,
Che spassetto io proverò!

Il, fervido desiderio

Poet: Anon.

Quando verrà quel dì
che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

Quando verrà quel dì
che in sen t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?

Les deux roses

Text translated by: L. Pomey (1835-1901)

Lève-toi, voici l'aurore,
Vois ces roses dans ma main;
Toutes deux viennent d'éclore
Sous les larmes du matin.

Le printemps partout s'éveille,
L'air est doux, plein de senteurs,
À tes pieds la fleur vermeille
Lentement répand ses pleurs.

Voici l'heure! Amant timide,
J'accourus avant le jour,
Et pour toi, dans l'herbe humide,
J'ai cueilli ces fleurs d'amor.

Viens près de celui qui t'aime
T'enivrer de leur senteur!
Viens, je veux poser moi-même
Ces deux roses sur ton cœur.

I will take the dark one,
Who seems more witty to me.
And meanwhile, with the blonde, I
Wish to laugh and joke a little.
Playfully with sweet words
I will respond to him.
Sighing, the little sighs
Of the other one I will imitate.
He will say to me: “Beloved, I am dying.”
He will say to me: “My beautiful treasure.”
And meanwhile what delight,
What amusement I will have!

The fervent longing

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which the loving heart so desires?

When will that day come
when I will welcome you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

The Two Roses

Arise, here is the dawn,
See the roses in my hand.
Both of them have just bloomed
Under the tears of the morning.

Spring is awakening everywhere,
The air is soft, full of scents,
At your feet the crimson flower
Slowly unfolds its tears.

This is the hour, timid lover,
I ran to you before daybreak,
And for you, in the damp grass,
I picked these flowers of love.

Come near to him who loves you
And intoxicate yourself with their smell.
Come, I myself want to place
These two roses on your heart.

Ici-bas

Poet: René-François Sully-Prudhomme (1839-1907)

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,
Tours les chants des oiseaux sont courts,
Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent toujours!
Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent
Sans rien laisser de leur velours,
Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent toujours!
Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent
Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours...
Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent,
Qui demeurent toujours!

Dan les ruines d'une abbaye

Seuls, tous deux ravis, chantants, comme on s'aime
Comme on cuille le printemps que Dieu sème,
Quels rires étincelants dans ces ombres
Jadis pleines de fronts blancs, de coeurs sombres.
On est tout frais mariés, on s'envoie
les charmants cris variés, de la joie
Frais échos mêlés au vent qui frissonne
Gaité que le noir couvent assaisonne.
Seuls, tous deux...
On effeuille des jasmines sur la Pierre
Où l'abbesse joint les mains en prière,
On se cherche, on se poursuit, on sent croître
Ton aube, amour, dans la nuit du vieux cloître.
On s'en va se becquetant, on s'adore,
On s'embrasse à chaque instant, puis encore,
Sous les piliers, les arceaux, et les marbres...
C'est l'histoire des oiseaux dans les arbres.

En Prière

Si la voix d'un enfant peut monter jusqu'à Vous,
O mon Père,
Ecoutez du Jésus devant Vous à genoux, la prière.
Si vous m'avez choisi pour enseigner Vos lois Sur la terre,
Je saurai Vous servir, auguste Roi des Rois, O Lumière!
Sur mes lèvres, Seigneur, mettez la vérité Salutaire,
Pour que celui qui doute, avec humilité, Vous revere!
Ne m'abandonnez pas, donnez-moi la douceur Nécessaire
Pour apaiser les maux, soulager la douleur, La misère!
Revelez Vous à moi, Seigneur, en Qui j'ai cru, Et j'espère
Pour Vous j'ai voulu souffrir et mourir sur la croix,
Au Calvaire!

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
schief mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!
Sorglich strahlt ich meine krausen Locken
täglich in der Frühe,
doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
wie die Winde sie zersäusen.
Lockenschatten, Windessausen,
schlieferten den Liebsten ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!
Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,

Down here

Down here all lilacs die,
All songs of the birds are short,
I dream of summers that endure forever!
Down here lips fade
And leave nothing of their velvet,
I dream of kisses that last forever!
Down here, all men weep,
For their friendships or their loves...
I dream of couples who remain,
Who remain always together!

In the Ruins of the Abbey

Alone, those two, charmed, singing, how they love each other
How they gather the spring that God sows.
What sparkling laughter in these shadows
Once crowded with pale faces, with sad hearts,
They are quite newly wed, they call
To each other the charming, varying cries,
Joy's fresh echoes, mingling with the wind that trembles
Turn the dark convent into a friendly place

They strip jasmine of its petals on the tombstone
Where the abbess joins her hands in prayer,
They seek each other, they pursue each other
They see your dawn come up, love, in the night of the old cloister
They go away, billing: they adore each other
They kiss at every moment, and then once more
Under the pillars, the arches, and the marbles
That is the story of the birds in the trees.

The Prayer

If the voice of a child can reach You,
O my Father,
Listen to the prayer of Jesus on His Knees before You.
If you have chosen me to teach Your laws on the earth,
I will know how to serve you, holy King of Kings, O Light!
Place on my lips, oh Lord, the salutary truth,
So that whoever doubts, should with humility revere You!
Do not abandon me, give me the gentleness so necessary,
To relieve the suffering, to alleviate pains, the misery!
Reveal Yourself to me, Lord, in whom I have faith and hope,
I want to suffer for You and to die on the cross,
At Calvary!

In the Shade of my Tresses

In the shade of my tresses
My beloved has fallen asleep.
Shall I awaken him now? Ah no!
Carefully, I comb my ruffled locks
Early every day
Yet, for nothing is my trouble,
For the wind makes them disheveled again.
The shade of my tresses, the whispering of the wind
Have lulled my darling to sleep.
Shall I awaken him now? Ah no!
I must listen to him complain

daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
daß ihm Leben geb,
und nehme diese meine braune Wange
Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,
und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!

Five Songs from R. Schumann's *Frauenliebe und -leben*

Poetry by: Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke, seh' ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel heller, heller nur empor.
Sonst ist licht und farblos alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele nicht begehrt' ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen, still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub' ich blind zu sein.

2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Helle Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.
So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich jener Stern,
Also Er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.
Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen,
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!
Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich, nied're Magd, nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!
Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen
Viele tausend Mal.
Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann,
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt' er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?
Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
"Ich bin auch ewig dein."
Mir war's, ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

That he pines for me so long,
That life is given and taken away from him
by this my brown cheek.
And he calls me a snake;
Yet he fell asleep by me.
Shall I awaken him now? Ah no!

Since I have seen him

Since I have seen him, I believe I am blind;
Whither I am looking, I see him alone;
Like in a waking dream, his image floats before me,
Rising from deepest darkness, brighter and brighter.
Everything else around me is light and colorless,
The games of my sisters I want to share no more,
I would rather weep silently in my little chamber;
Since I have seen him, I believe I am blind.

He, the most glorious of all

He, the most glorious of all,
How kind he is, how good!
Gentle mouth, clear eyes,
Clear mind and firm courage,
Even as in yonder blue depth,
Shines bright and glorious that star,
So is he in my heaven,
Bright and glorious, sublime and far,
Wander, wander along your course,
Only to look at your light,
Only to look at it humbly,
Only to be blissful and sad!
Do not hear my silent prayer,
Offered for your happiness;
You must not know me, humble maiden,
Noble star of glory!
Only the worthiest of all
May your choice make happy,
And I will bless the noble one,
Many thousand times.
I shall rejoice and I shall weep then,
Blissful, blissful I am then,
Even though my heart should break,
Break, o heart, what does it matter?

I cannot grasp, nor believe it

I cannot grasp, nor believe it,
A dream must have me bewitched,
How could he from among all others
Have exalted and blessed poor me?
It seemed to me that he had spoken:
"I am forever yours,"
It seemed to me that I am still dreaming,
For it can never be thus.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

4. Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
An das Herze mein.
Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden unendlichen Raum.
Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.
Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich, in seinem Glanz.

5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute, mir.
Windet geschäftig mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier,
Als ich befriedigt, freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten in Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er, Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern, helft mir
Verscheuchen eine törichte Bangigkeit;
Dass ich mit klarem Aug' ihn empfänge,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.
Bist, mein Geliebter, du mir erschienen,
Gibst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht, lass mich in Demut,
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.
Streuet ihm, Schwestern, streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar.
Aber euch, Schwestern, grüss' ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Alleluja
Alleluja

Oh let me die in my dream,
Cradled on his breast,
Let me drink blissful death
In tears of infinite joy.

You ring on my finger

You ring on my finger,
My little golden ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
Devoutly to my heart.
My dream had come to an end,
Childhood's peaceful, lovely dream,
I found myself lonely and lost
In empty, infinite space.
You ring on my finger,
You taught me only then,
You opened to my eyes,
Life's infinite, deep value.
I want to serve him, live for him,
Wholly belong to him,
Give myself and find myself
Transfigured in his splendor.

Help me, my sisters

Help me, my sisters,
Kindly adorn me,
Serve me, the happy one, today.
Wind zealously around my forehead
The lovely wreath of myrtle in bloom.
When I, contented, with a joyful heart,
Formerly lay in my beloved's arms,
He always invoked, his heart filled with yearning,
Impatient by this very day.
Help me, my sisters, help me
Cast out a foolish anxiety,
That I with bright eyes may receive him,
Him, the source of all happiness.
Have you, my beloved, come to me,
Do you, sun, give me your light?
Let me devoutly, let me humbly,
Let me bow to my master and lord.
Strew, sisters, strew flowers before him,
Budding roses offer to him.
But you, sisters, I greet with sadness,
Joyfully parting from your midst.

Alleluja
Alleluja

Three Jolly Shepherds

As I rode out this enders night, of three jolly shepherd I saw a sight, and all about their fold a star shone bright;
They sang terly terlow terlow; terly terlow; So merrily the shepherds their pipes gan to blow.
Down from Heaven, from heaven so high, of angels there came a great company. With mirth and joy and great solemnity!
They sang terly terlow terlow; terly terlow; So merrily the shepherds their pipes gan to blow. Terly terlow, terly terlow.

The Prophecy

Then Mary took her young Son, and set Him on her knee, "I pray thee now dear child. Tell how the world shall be."
"O I shall be as dead, mother, as the stones in the wall; O the stones in the street, mother, shall mourn for me, all.
Upon Easter day, mother, my uprising shall be. O the sun and the moon, mother, Shall both rise with me!"

The Birthday

This day Christ was born, this day our Savoir did appear,
This day the angels sing in earth, this day archangels are glad;
This day the just rejoice saying: Glory be to God on high! Allelujah!

Two Selections from R. Vaughan Williams'

Four Last Songs

Poet: Ursula Vaughan Williams (1911-2007), wife

2. Tired

Sleep, and I'll be still as another sleeper holding you in my arms, glad that you lie so near at last.
This sheltering midnight is our meeting place, no passion or despair or hope divide me from your side.
I shall remember firelight on your sleeping face, I shall remember shadows growing deeper As the fire fell to ashes and the minutes passed.

3. Hands, Eyes, and Heart

Hands, give him all the measure of my love surer than any word.
Eyes, be deep pools of truth,
Where he may see a thought more whole than constancy.
Heart, in his keeping, be at rest and live as music and silence meet, and both are heard.

Silent Noon

Poet: Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace.
The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge,
Where the cow parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hourglass.
Deep in the sun-search'd growths the dragonfly hangs
Like a blue thread loosened from the sky:
So this wing'd hour is dropped to us from above.
Oh, clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close companion'd in articulate hour,
When twofold silence was the song, the song of love.

“So anch’io la vertu magica” from *Don Pasquale*

Norina is reading a novel about love. After reading a passage aloud, she explains that she knows all the tricks of ensnaring a man.

“Quel gaudio il cavaliere in mezzo al cor trafisse;
Piego il ginocchio e disse: Son vostro cavalier.
E tanto era in quell guardo, sapor di paradiso
Che il cavalier Riccardo, tutto d’amor conquiso,
Giurò che ad altra mai non volgerai il pensier”
Ah, ah! Ah, ah!

So anch’io la vertu magica d’un guardo tempo e loco,
So anch’io come si bruciano i cori a lento foco;
d’un breve sorrisetto, conosco anch’io l’effetto,
Di menzognera lagrima, d’un subito languor.
Conosco I mille modi dell’amorose frodi
i vezzi e l’arti facili per adescare un cor.
D’un breve sorrisetto conosco anch’io l’effetto,
Conosco, conosco, d’un subito languor;
So anch’io la vertu magica per ispirare amor
Consoco l’effeto. Ah! Si! Per ispirare amor!

Ho testa bizzarra, son pronta, vivace...
Brillare mi piace, mi piace scherzar.
Se monto in furore, di rado sto al segno,
Ma in riso lo sdegno fo presto a cangiar.
Ho testa bizzarra, ma corre eccellente. Ah!

Viens, Mallika... sous le dome épais from *Lakmé*

The Hindus go to perform their rites in a sacred Brahmin temple under the high priest, Nilakantha. Nilakantha's daughter Lakmé and her servant Mallika are left behind and go down to the river to gather flowers.

Lakmé:

Viens, Mallika, les lianes en fleurs
Jettent déjà leur ombre sur le ruisseau sacré
Qui coule, calme et somber,
Eveillé par le chant des oiseaux tapageurs!

Mallika:

Oh! Maitresse,
C’est l’heure où je te vois sourire
L’heure bénie où je puis lire
dans le coeur toujours fermé de Lakmé!

Lakmé:

Dôme épais le jasmin,
A la rose s’assemble,
Rive en fleurs, frais matin,
Nous appellent ensemble.

Ah! glissons en suivant le courant fuyant:
Dans l’on de frémissante,
D’une main nonchalante,

“That glance, it pierced the knight’s heart,
He bent on one knee and said: I am your knight.
And in that glance, there was such taste of paradise
That the knight, Riccardo, being conquered by love,
Swore he would not think to any other woman.”
Hah, hah! Hah, hah!

I also know the magic virtue of a glance at the right time and place
I also know how hearts burn on the slow fire;
Of a short smile, I also know the effect,
Of a deceitful tear, of an instant languor.
I know the thousand means love-frauds use,
The charms and easy arts used to seduce a heart.
Of a short smile, I also know the effect,
I know, I know, of an instant languor.
I also know the magic virtue to inspire love,
I know the effect! Ah! Yes! To inspire love!

I have a bizarre mind, and a ready wit...
I like being witty and joking,
the charms and easy arts used to seduce a heart.
If I get angry, I can rarely remain calm,
But I can change indignation to laughter.
I have a bizarre mind, but an excellent heart. Ah!

Come, Mallika, the creepers are in flower
They already cast their shadows in the sacred river
Which flows, calmly, and serenely,
They have awakened by the song birds!

Oh! Mistress,
This is the time when your face smiles.
The time when I can read
Lakmé’s secrets hidden in her heart!

Dome made of jasmine,
Entwined with the rose together,
Both in flower, a fresh morning,
Calling us together.

Ah! Let us float along on the river’s current:
On the shining waves,
Our hands reach out

Gagnons le bord,
Où l'oiseau chante,
l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Dôme épais, blanc jasmin,
Nous appellent ensemble!

Mallika:

Sous le dôme épais, où le blanc jasmin
A la rose s'assemble,
Sur la rive en fleurs, Riant au matin ,
Viens, descendons ensemble.

Doucement glissons de son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant:
Dans l'onde frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort
Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Sous le dôme épais,, sous le blanc jasmin,
Ah! descendons ensemble!

Lakmé:

Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite, S'empare de moi,
Quand mon père va seul à leur ville maudite;
Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!

Mallika:

Pourque le Dieu Ganeça le protège,
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

Lakmé:

Oui, près des cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

The flowering bank,
Where the birds sing
The birds, the birds, they sing.
Dome of white jasmine,
Calling us together!

Under the dome made of white jasmine,
Entwined with the rose together,
On the bank covered with flowers, laughing through the morning,
Come, let us descend together.

Gently floating on its charming wells
On the river's current:
On the shining waves,
Our hands reach out to
Come, the flowering bank.
Where spring sleeps
And the birds, the birds sing.
Under the dome made of white jasmine
Ah! Calling us together!

But, I do not know subtle fear, enfolds me,
When my father goes alone to that cursed town;
I tremble, I tremble in fear!

For the god Ganessa protects him,
Let us venture to the joyous pool
The swans with wings of white are happy,
Let us go there an gather the blue lotus.

Yes, near the swans, with wings of white
Let us go there and gather blue lotus.